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1465-2-13-14.

The Middle Ground

By Marion Rubincam

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Amy Talbot has been overworked for so many years that she has gotten completely out of touch with life and new ideas. She finds this out when her son Luther returns to the farm with his newly married wife Claire, and when Jane, her daughter, comes home from college. She cannot understand their new ideas, and finds them making Amy, the youngest, discontented. Claire and Luther quarrel; Claire goes back to the city, taking Amy with her. Eventually Amy and Luther go away.

Mrs. Talbot is so worried about her girls that she braves her husband's anger and goes to them in the city. Amy is studying for grand opera, and will not look at the always-faithful Dick; Jane is in love with a doctor too poor to marry her. Everything in the city shocks and terrifies the mother—Luther and Claire are separated; Claire wants a divorce. Amy's prettiness attracts scores of admirers—she threatens to marry a rich man she does not love. Jane is on the point of going away with the doctor, who does not want to marry her. There is no sympathy between the strict and narrow ideas of the mother and the broad, but what she calls "loose" ideas of the children.

Then the doctor finds a post in

a South American mining camp, and can afford to marry. He and Jane elope and go to South America. Luther has a note from Claire. Amy's engagement to Adam Arnold, rich and more than twice her age, is announced.

HAPPY ENDING Chapter 108

Mrs. Talbot wondered whether Jordan would object to dancing—as he had stormed and denounced when they tried it that night three years ago.

That night Dick had carried the phonographs to his place, where it had been ever since. That night Amy was almost 18—she was with in a week or so of 21 now. That night she had defied her father, hated him for forbidding her to dance. Now she smiled at him saucily and threatened to do the next fox trot with him.

Mrs. Talbot watched her three children, and the three who were almost as beloved as they. Jane still clung to her mannish tweed suits and tailored waists. She was not pretty, never would be. But she was fine looking and her eyes were more than merely beautiful. She fairly surrounded Donald with her love and her care, her constant attention—of which he was always pleasantly half-conscious, and which he would be miserable without.

And Luther had found himself. Claire was right—she had taught him now to relax, to waste time, to be frivolous, to be happy. Claire might never be anything but sweet and kind, yet something more than that had come to her.

"I'm going back on the stage next season," she said. "The boys will be nearly a year then, and I can get a competent nurse. I'll have really lots of time to give it." She showed magazine pictures of herself and the child—Claire Talbot, well known theatrical star Snowball Girl, who has temporarily retired—this was part of an article on the home life of great actresses. Luther laughed at his son's early publicity notices.

"I'm not an ideal mother, I'm too impatient," Claire said. "I can hire mechanical attention in a nurse, but I'll never neglect my child."

As for Amy—she was dissatisfied with her progress, yet she was making great headway. She had finally secured an engagement to sing small parts with an opera company in Boston. For a girl of 20 with only a moderately good voice, this was amazing. But Claire was urging Amy to try musical comedy, where she would have less competition with really great voices, and where she might become a star.

"Dick doesn't care," Amy said. "He's trying to be transferred to Boston, and when he is, we'll be married. No one is coming to the wedding. I've changed my mind about a great splashy affair. We're going to slip off as quietly as Jane did."

Amy was less spoiled—no one can work as hard and as sincerely as she had done for three years, and it did not benefit her. And Dick wore his old broad grin, his sleepy green eyes following Amy wherever she went. It was Mrs. Talbot who had wired Jane that Amy had broken her engagement to Adam, and asked her to find Dick and tell him so. It had taken Jane six months to do this, for Dick was "knocking about" the South American sea coast towns, picking up odd jobs and consoling himself for his poverty by his pleasure in learning the language.

They were all happy—surely they would go on being happy! Mrs. Talbot stood in the doorway watching them dance, listening absently to her own pretty restful home and her own pretty gown. Her life too was a success! Once she thought that her life would be a success if her children's lives were. Now she knew better—she knew that she was an individual too, with her own life, her own problems—

She was interrupted by having Donald put his arm around her waist.

"Mother must dance too!" he cried, pulling her out on the porch. "At my age!" she cried, thinking instantly Jordan would be unspeakably shocked. But her feet somehow found themselves in time to the rhythm though she danced stiffly and awkwardly.

"Mother's at good sport, she'll try anything!" Luther said. Mrs. Talbot would have jumped over cliffs to hear that, to deserve the praise, the admiration, best of all, the comradeship, that the words implied.

After all, by throwing aside her

ACTION STUFF

By Robert Walter Ritchie

A Letter to Majesty

Let's call him Hippolyte Hicks, which isn't his name. A decade ago when the word "radical" was hardly heard in New York and the only "red" we knew of was somebody with a brick bat, Hippolyte was a protégé of Emma Goldman. She let him have a cot in the cellar next to the gas meter and he wrote revolutionary poetry for Mother Earth, which Emma was editing every once in a while.

Now Hippolyte was an ingenious soul. His brand of anarchy was as fiery as Mexican chili peppers—in conversation. He rarely ate a square meal because anarchy wasn't a very paying business, and Ma Goldman took the first out of whatever slender stream of bourgeois gold might be coaxed into the Mother Earth treasury. Still Hippolyte managed to eke out his livelihood by attending teas in Greenwich Village studios, where he established a reputation as a heavy feeder.

The peaceful world of that day was startled by news that a group of Japanese anarchists had been caught red-handed in a plot to destroy the Emperor and all the male members of his family. In a few days came cables to the effect that the government of Cherry Blossom Land had condemned nineteen—I think that was the number—to death.

New York's anarchists, communists, pink thinkers and little groups all got their head together and determined this was a sad, sad thing it must be stopped, this execution. So a meeting was announced for a certain night, the place to be a hall up somewhere, on the East side near Second avenue.

On "The Sun" we had an irrepressible spirit named McAllister Coleman, who had the devilish ingenuity of Puck and the wit of the late P. T. Barnum. He was sent to "cover" this indignation meeting for the paper.

From the news point of view the meeting was a bla-a-a. No copy for the reporters of such holelessly capitalistic papers as those of Manhattan. Coleman's free spirit irked him and he looked about for diversion. His eyes fell upon Hippolyte, who was waiting to read a poem he had composed especially in testimonial to the Japanese "martyrs."

With one or two other lost souls from the press to give him countenance, Coleman invigiled Hippolyte away from the meeting and across the street to one of those old-time German wine stubes where they used to draw it in pint measures and set out rye bread and handkane on the sloppy table.

Hippolyte was wined. He was wined twice and thrice. He began to talk—very ferociously. Coleman and his fellow conspirators agreed with him completely in his estimation of the enormity of the pending official massacre among the brethren in Japan. Cunningly they worked up his wrath to the boiling point. "I'll tell you what," Coleman finally suggested. "Wouldn't it be the decent thing to write the Emperor of Japan and tell him what his government is about to do in his name? He's a reasonable scout, this Emperor, from all I hear about him."

Wonderful idea! Pen and paper were forthcoming. And Hippolyte began to write the Emperor. He told the Emperor what the anarchists would do to him if this shocking execution was permitted. What they would do to him personally and to the various members of his family, down to the third cousin. Boiling in oil would be counted. Humane in comparison with the actual tortures promised.

Hippolyte finished by signing his name with a grand flourish, an envelope and stamps—two twos and a one—were borrowed from the bartender. Then Coleman decided a knotty point. The letter was addressed at his dictation:

"Emperor of Japan,
"The Palace,
"Tokio,
"Japan"

Coleman saw Hippolyte drop this parcel of dynamite in the nearest box, then he went back to The Sun office with a child-like smile playing under his horn-rimmed spectacles.

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Women now realize the need of adequate corsetting

—and the buying of a corset now receives the careful attention it deserves.

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Canadian Northwest; also the following sisters and brother, Mrs. Marjory MacPhee, Medford, Mass.; Mrs. Angus Gillis, Bellevue; Mrs. Ewen MacPhee, Kilquay and Finlay MacKenzie of Glen Martin.

MRS. JOHN D. McDONALD.

The death occurred at her home in Little Harbor on Jan. 27th of Catherine, widow of the late John D. McDonald in the 75th year of her age.

Deceased had been in good health up to October last, when she became ill and at first hopes were entertained for her recovery, but her illness gradually undermined her strength and despite medical aid and kind and attentive nursing her soul passed peacefully to its eternal reward on above date, fortified by the last rites of the Holy Catholic Church of which she was a devout member.

Deceased was an estimable woman of kind and cheerful disposition hospitable in her home and respected by all who knew her. Her funeral which was largely attended took place on the morning of Jan. 30th, at St. Mary's Church, Souris, where a Requiem High Mass was said by her pastor, Rev. J. C. McLean, thence to the adjoining cemetery, her remains being laid to rest beside her husband who predeceased her almost twenty five years ago. The services at the grave were performed by Rev. P. L. McMahon.

The following sons and daughters are left to mourn the loss of a most kind and loving mother: Peter in Florida; Dan in Washington, D. C.; Albenus, Jerome, Mrs. Andrew Campbell and Mrs. J. J. Sutherland of Little Harbor. Two

old prejudices, by opening her heart and mind, she had first entered into their problems, sweet point of view of combat their selfishness, their immaturity. She had, not opposed, but led them. She was happy. Even Jordan—step of the porch, elbows on her knees, hands clasped loosely in front of her. Every room was filled, her children were home, lights shown in the bedrooms, Jordan, in the shadows, was smoking a last pipe before going to bed. The smoke blew across her face.

"Jordan, I wish you'd get a new pipe," wrinkling her nose as the Jordan did not answer—he never had through all the years she had been making that remark. But this time Jordan moved, so the odor no longer reached her. And in his case, a partial triumph was the greatest success of all.

THE END

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. MARY MATHESON

There passed away December 16th at the home of her daughter in Dorchester, Mass., Mrs. Mary Matheson, widow of the late Malcolm Matheson, Dover, but formerly of Glen Martin, P. E. I.

The deceased had been ill only a week with pneumonia and was tenderly and lovingly cared for by her two daughters, Mrs. William Smith and Mrs. Carl Plummer, both residing at 85 Wheatland Ave., Dorchester. Funeral services were held on Tuesday the 18th at 2.30 p. m. and were conducted by Rev. Ota Foye of the Baptist Temple.

There were many beautiful floral tributes from relatives and friends. A wreath from Mr. and Mrs. William Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Plummer; Wreath, Mrs. Marjory MacPhee, Medford; Wreath, Malcolm and Alexander MacPhee; Wreath, Samuel MacKenzie, Spray, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Cochrane; Spray, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Doolin; Spray, Mrs. J. W. Clark and Mrs. W. L. Birch; Wreath, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Battis and Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Smith; Spray, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith; Spray, Mrs. William O'Hara; Wreath, Mrs. Henry Ripley and Miss Elizabeth MacPhee; Spray, Mr. and Mrs. M. N. MacLeod and other tributes from Mrs. Geo. Pooley, Mrs. Ruth MacIntyre, Mrs. Ada Condon, Mrs. Edward Fletcher, Miss Hazel Laidlaw and Mrs. Harold Ross.

Mr. Foye spoke very tenderly of the high ideals and gentle character of the deceased and it was a source of great comfort to the daughters to have the privilege of caring for their mother during her last days, as she had been with them only a little over a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith accompanied the remains to P. E. Island where burial took place at Valleyfield on Friday, the 21st. Services there being conducted by Rev. Mr. MacLennan of the Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. Matheson leaves to mourn beside the above mentioned daughters, three sons, Kenneth in England; Samuel and Norman in the

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Kindly send me a Free sample of Pyramid Pile Treatment, in plain wrapper.

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Ask your nearest druggist for Anuric, in tablet form, or send 10 cents to Doctor Pierce's Laboratory in Bridgeport, Ont., for trial package. Write Dr. Pierce, President, Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

brothers, Ronald McIsaac, Bear River; and Daniel J. McIsaac, Souris and one sister, Mrs. John McDonald, New Harmony also survives.

May her soul rest in peace, (Summerside Journal and Patriot please copy.)

CLEANING FELT HATS

To clean white felt or velvet hats mix one half cup of borax, one-half cup of cornmeal and one-half cup of flour and rub this well into the hat. Let it stand that way a day or two before brushing it off.

TENDERS

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND FERRIES

Annandale, Poplar Point, Murray Harbor,—King's County

Tenders will be received at this office until noon on Saturday March 1st, from any person or persons willing to contract to run the above mentioned ferries for a period of from one to three years from the first of April, 1924, according to specifications, terms and conditions to be seen at this office. The names of two good and responsible persons willing to become bound for the faithful performance of the contract must accompany each tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

Tenders will be addressed to the undersigned and marked "Ferry Tender."

L. B. McMILLAN
Secretary of Public Works
Department of Public Works
Charlottetown,
February 18, 1924.
1580-2-19-25 61.

FARM FOR SALE AT HAZELGROVE

Consisting of 100 acres, 60 acres clear, balance covered with hard and soft wood. Good buildings, etc.

If not sold privately before February 23rd at 1 o'clock will be offered by public auction on the premises on that date.

HAROLD BAGNALL,
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1412-2-9-2171.

Auction Sales

The Guardian Job Department is well equipped to turn out sale bills.

Any person having an Auction sale should advertise in both ways.

An advertisement may pay for itself if it brings only one more bidder to the sale.

The Charlottetown Guardian

NOTICE

My wife having left her bed and board, I will not be responsible for any bills contracted by her in my name, or without my permission.

HENNERLY HARTLING,
Trenton, N. S., Feb. 16th, 1924.
1617-2-21-11

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FEBRUARY 22nd

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We ask your co-operation by making your applications for help at once as this information should be in the hands of our overseas representatives early in the year in order that they may be able to perform this service. . . . Do not delay in ordering your help. Fill in application form at once. This will enable our representatives to select the man for your requirements.

Every New Settler Helps YOU Prosper Any C. N. R. Station Agent Will Supply You With the Necessary Application Forms.

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Colonization and Development Department

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

1565-2-19-61